

A STAGGERING BARRAGE OF ANTI-HEROIC
LEGERDEMAIN BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN

No. 2

\$2.00

\$2.50 in Canada

Recommended for Mature Readers

REAL STUFF

YOU KNOW DENNY,
THERE ARE JUST 3 THINGS
IN LIFE...

WHAT ARE
THE OTHER
TWO?

MARK ZINGARELLI

WILLIAMS • SHAW
DOUGAN • GREGORY

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

Special Guest:
CHARLES BUKOWSKI

OUR READERS
TELL IT LIKE IT IS ...



TAKE CHARLES BUKOWSKI
FOR EXAMPLE ...

12/12/90

Well, Eichhorn:

I see you depicted me as a guy with white hair and beard in your comic strip in REAL STUFF. Well, now maybe it's good for the Season. I can go as Santa Claus, pick up a few bagels ringing my silver balls. As per being "terrified of people," I am - terrified that they will dull me with their unoriginal blather. You have no idea how many strangers want to come in and drink with me but I find I'm my own best company when it comes to guzzling and I generally do it alone and well and fully. I don't care to have my intoxication sullied and moiled by others. I did plenty of time in the bars and alleys, that shit gets old. Tell your friends that I have nothing against them except that they belong to the human race.

lucky new year, kid,



the flashing of the odds
by Charles Bukowski

parking lot attendant, Bobby, was on the light side, wise-cracking, laughing, was good at it, some originality. myself sometimes being down listening to Bobby brought me up.

didn't see him for 3 weeks, asked the other attendants but they didn't know or made things up.

drove in there today and there was Bobby, his uniform wrinkled, he was standing there while the others worked.

approached him and he seemed to recognize me, then spoke: "got all stressed out driving here, it took me 3 hours!"

he wasn't laughing, had fattened considerably, his belt buckle unfastened, I buckled him up, he had a beard, grey and stiff, long strands sticking up and out, his hair greyed, face utterly wrinkled, eyes stuck in a backwash, 30 years gone in 3 weeks.

"good to see you, Bobby."

"yeah, sure, when you going to buy this place?"

he was talking about the racetrack.

I walked across the lot and into the track, took the escalator up, reached top floor, walked toward the service stand. Betty saw me and got my coffee poured.

"you ready for a big day?" she asked.

"I'm ready for any kind of day."

"you come here to win, don't you?"

"I come here not to lose."

I took my coffee to a seat facing the toteboard. the odds flashed, I sat down spilling a shot of coffee on my hand.

"shit," I said.

and the day went on.

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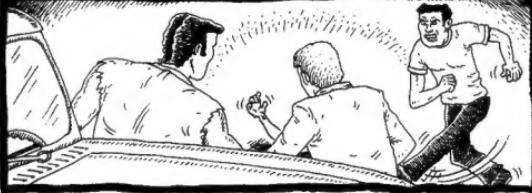
AFTER I GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL, I GOT A FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP TO WHITMAN COLLEGE IN WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON ("THE TOWN SO NICE, THEY NAMED IT TWICE!" HA HA!). THE FOOTBALL TEAM WAS CALLED "THE FIGHTIN' MISSIONARIES"...

MEMOIRS OF A

FIGHTIN' MISSIONARY

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IN WALLA WALLA, THE MOST POPULAR PASTIME FOR THE TOWN TOUGHS WAS "WHITTY-BASHING". A CARLOAD OF YOUNG DRUNKS WOULD PULL UP ALONGSIDE THE CAMPUS, AND A CREW WOULD HOP OUT AND BEAT UP SOME UNLUCKY WHITMAN STUDENT.

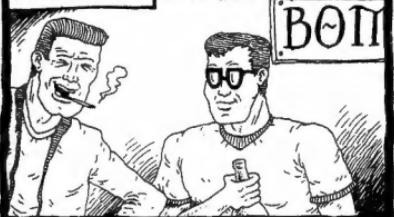


...THEN THEY'D PILE BACK IN & RACE AWAY.

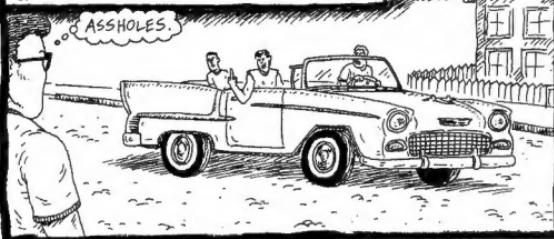


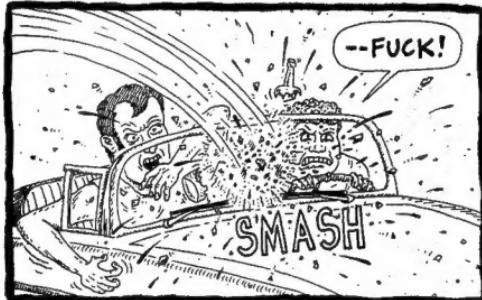
...THEY THOUGHT IT WAS GREAT FUN.

ONE DAY DURING RUSH WEEK, I WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE BETA THETA PI HOUSE, DRINKING WINE.

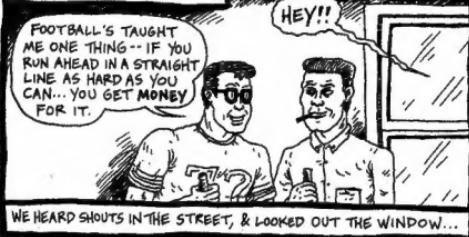


...A '55 CHEVY CONVERTIBLE FULL OF "TOWNIES" DROVE BY-- ONE OF THEM FLAGGED US THE FINGER...





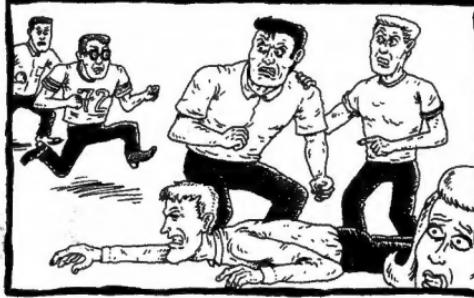
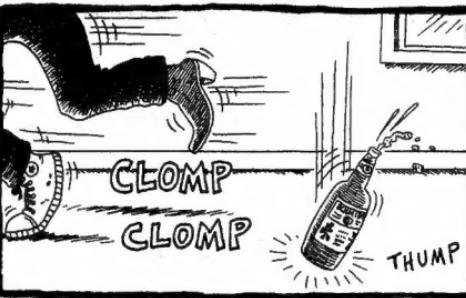
LATER THAT NIGHT, I WAS IN A DORM ROOM DRINKING BEER WITH MY PAL BILL...

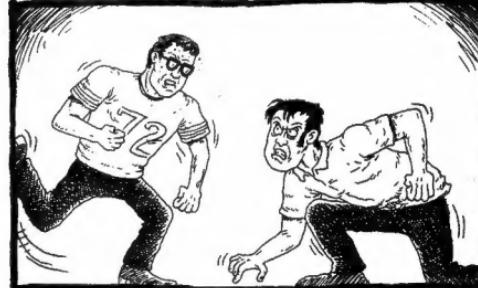
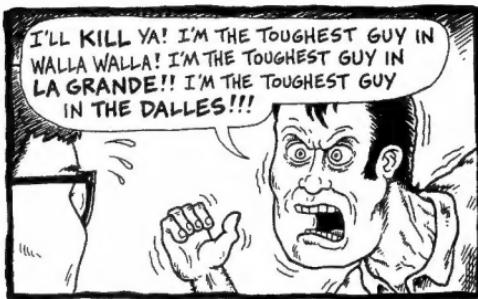


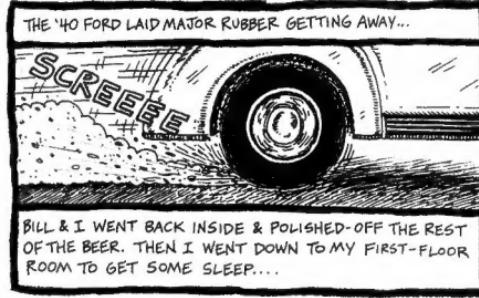
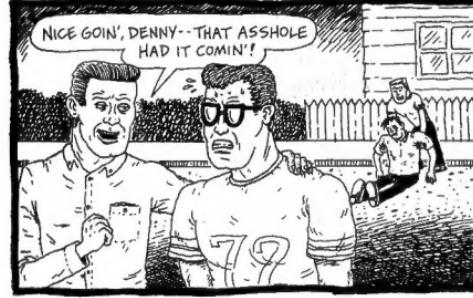
...A '40 FORD 2-DOOR SEDAN WAS PARKED ASKEW IN THE STREET...



...TWO "TOWNIES" GOT OUT. ONE OF THEM ATTACKED A "WHITTY" WHO WAS WALKING WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND.







I SHUT & LOCKED THE DOOR, PULLED ON MY PANTS AND DVED OUT THE WINDOW JUST AS THE DOOR CRASHED OPEN... THE GUY WITH THE GUN YELLED AT MY ROOMMATE...



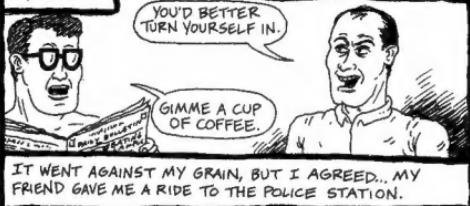
I RACED TO A NEARBY APARTMENT WHERE A FRIEND LIVED. I TOLD HIM WHAT WAS GOING ON, SO HE LET ME SLEEP IN HIS ATTIC...



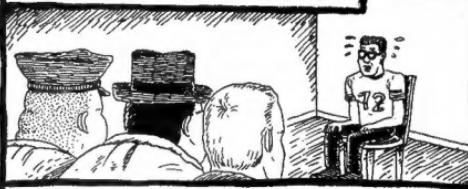
THE NEXT MORNING, MY FRIEND SHOWED ME THE NEWSPAPER...



...I LEARNED THAT I'D PUT STEVE STOCKWELL IN THE HOSPITAL, AND THAT HIS FATHER GUS HAD BEEN ARRESTED FOR ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON AT MY DORM...



I TOLD THE DESK SERGEANT WHY I WAS THERE... HE PUT ME IN AN INTERROGATION ROOM...



...WITHIN AN HOUR I WAS JOINED BY THE CHIEF OF POLICE, A CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES, & THE WHITMAN MEN'S COUNSELOR.

THIS IS AN UNUSUAL SITUATION, EICHORN... STEVE STOCKWELL HAS BEEN A PAIN IN THE ASS FOR A LONG TIME...

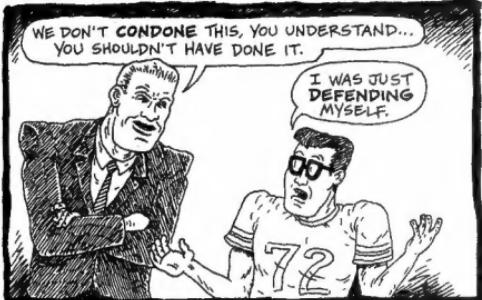


...HE AND HIS FRIENDS ARE NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, AND WE THINK HE GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM.



...HE'S HURT PEOPLE HIMSELF, MORE THAN ONCE.





The Joeist

PHILOSOPHY

BY
DENNIS P.
EICHHORN

MICHAEL
DOUGAN



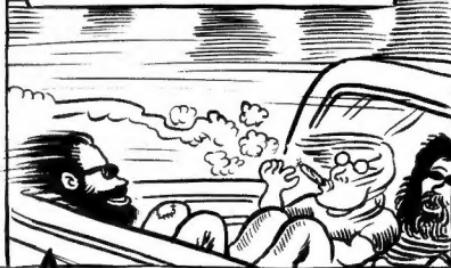
(1) WHEN I FIRST CAME TO JOE, I KNEW **NOTHING**. TRUE, I HAD TENDED BAR BEFORE, BUT DIDN'T KNOW **WHY** I WAS DOING IT. I WAS JUST GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS...



(2) I WAS WORKING IN A SMALL TAVERN IN MOSCOW, IDAHO, WHEN I GOT THE CALL...

HELLO?

(3) I TOOK THE NEXT PICKUP TRUCK TO CALIFORNIA.



(4) I WAVED GOODBYE TO MY RIDE AND WALKED INSIDE. 15 MINUTES LATER I WAS PUMPING BEER.



(5) CAPITOLA JOE'S WAS A LOCAL HANGOUT, BUT THERE WAS ALSO A TOURIST CROWD...

(6) MY OLD FRIEND PAT WAS MANAGING A RESTAURANT IN CAPITOLA, NEAR SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA. HE SAID THAT BUSINESS WAS BOOMING.



(7) TWO DAYS LATER, I SAW IT: CAPITOLA JOE'S.

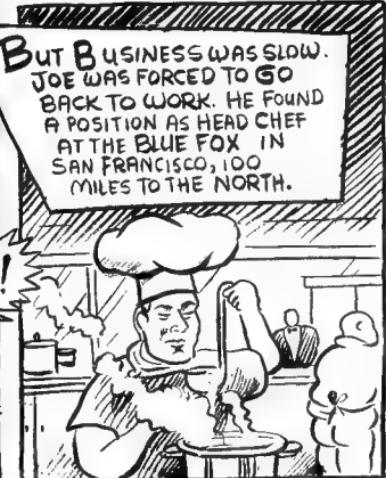
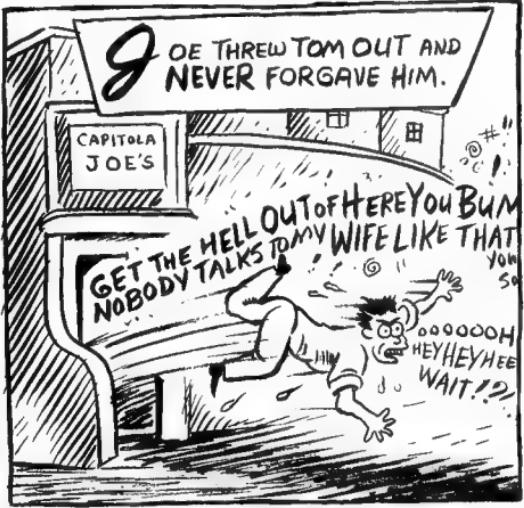


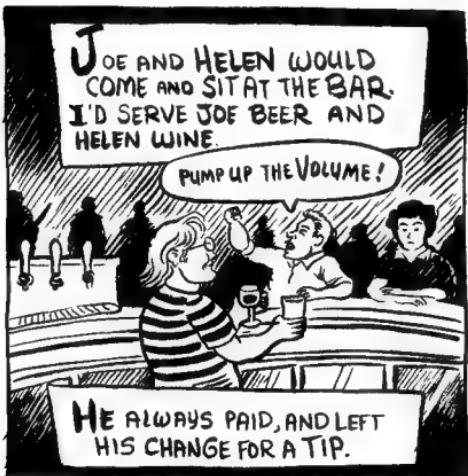
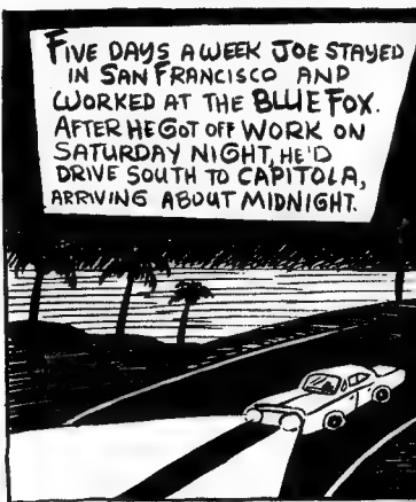
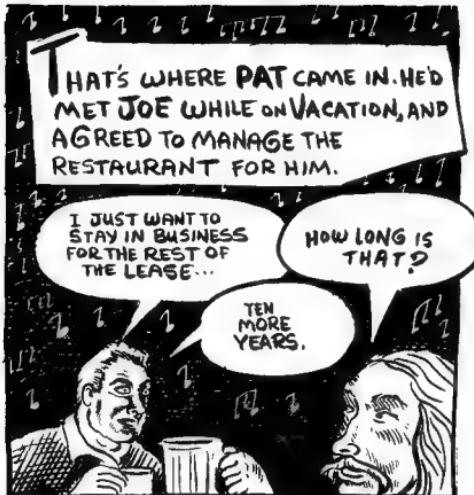
(8) IT WAS EARLY AFTERNOON ON A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY. THE PACIFIC OCEAN WAS A FRISBEE-THROW AWAY...

(9) LATER THAT NIGHT I MOVED INTO PAT'S NEARBY HOUSE



(10) WE SAT AND TALKED, AND HE TOLD ME ABOUT JOE.







YOU KNOW DENNY,
THERE ARE JUST
THREE THINGS
IN LIFE...

WHAT
ARE
THEY
JOE?

LOVE.

PASSION.

AND
SATISFACTION.



NOW LOVE. I'VE HAD LOVE.

I LOVE
my
WIFE...



...PASSION.



AH YES...
I'VE HAD PASSION.
I KNOW PASSION...



PASSION
IS FOR
THE YOUNG.

GLUG
GLUG
GLUG



ONE SUMMER
IN SANTA CRUZ,
I HEARD ABOUT
A "WOMENS
FESTIVAL" AT A
LOCAL PARK.

I WAS IN
SEARCH OF
FEMALE
COMPANIONSHIP.

SO I
DECIDED
TO CHECK
IT OUT.

WRITTEN BY
DENNIS P. EICHHORN
ILLUSTRATED BY
STANLEY W. SHAW

WHEN I GOT TO THE PARK, THERE WERE
PLENTY OF WOMEN... BUT NO MEN.
WOMEN WERE SITTING IN GROUPS, LISTENING
TO OTHER WOMEN PLAYING MUSIC ON
A SMALL STAGE.

I TOOK OFF MY SHIRT, AND
LAID BACK ON THE GRASS.

I FELT A SHADOW, AND OPENED MY
EYES. THERE WERE THREE WOMEN STANDING
THERE LOOKING DOWN AT ME.

WOMEN'S FESTIVAL

"**W**HAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?" ONE ASKED ME.
"JUST LOOKING
AROUND!" I ANSWERED.
THEY LOOKED AT ONE
ANOTHER, THEN BACK
AT ME.

"YOU'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO
BE HERE," ANOTHER
SAID. "THIS IS
A WOMENS
EVENT, NO
MEN ARE
WELCOME."



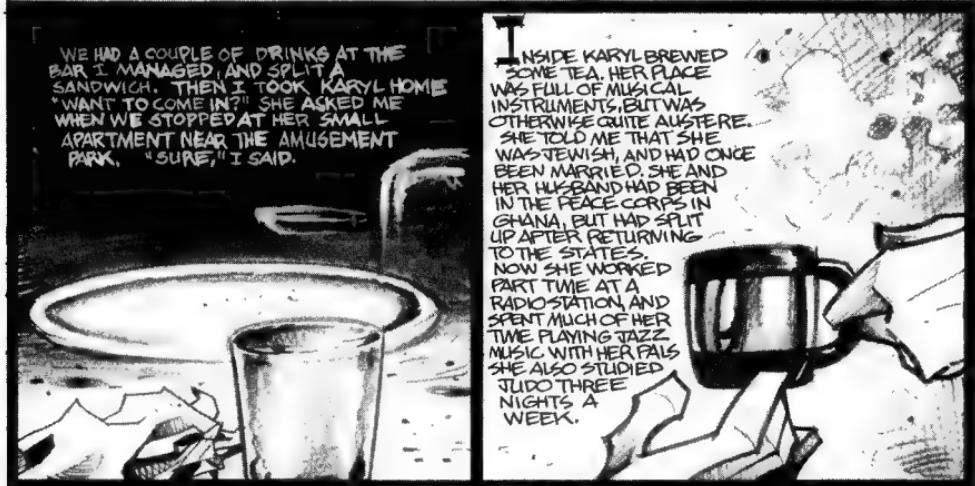
DON'T BE
SUCH A SEPARATIST
ALICE," THE FIRST
WOMAN SAID. SHE
HUNKERED DOWN
NEXT TO ME.
"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
SHE ASKED.
"DENNY," I
TOOK HER.
"I'M KARYL,"
SHE SAID.



COME ON, KARYL," ONE OF
THE OTHER WOMEN SAID.
"WE'RE UP NEXT."
"OUR BAND IS GOING TO
PLAY," KARYL TOLD ME.
"STICK AROUND AND LISTEN
IF YOU WANT TO."
"I WILL," I SAID. "MAYBE
LATER WE COULD GET
TOGETHER FOR A DRINK
OR SOMETHING!"



KARYL LOOKED AT
ME LONG AND HARD.
"ALL RIGHT," SHE FINALLY
SAID. "I'LL MEET YOU BACK
HERE AFTER OUR SET."
SHE STOOD UP AND
WALKED OFF.



KARYL WENT TO THE BATHROOM WHILE I WAITED. SHE TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS. I FOUND THE BED WHICH WAS COVERED WITH A ROUGH ARMY BLANKET.

KARYL WAS THERE, NUDE, TREMBLING. I TOOK OFF MY CLOTHES AND LAID DOWN NEXT TO HER. WE EMBRACED, THEN KISSED, THEN WE SCREWED.

IT WAS GREAT.

THE ROUGH TEXTURE OF THE BLANKET... AND KARYL'S BOTTLED-UP PASSION. WE WERE BOTH AS HORNY AS RABBITS. AFTER A TIME, WE HAD SEX AGAIN. THEN WE LAID IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS AND DRIFTED OFF TO SLEEP.

SUDDENLY THE DOOR FLEW OPEN AND THE LIGHT WENT ON.

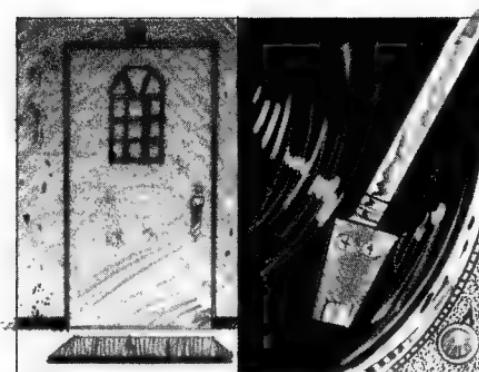
THERE WAS ALICE, KARYL'S BANDMATE, TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE. "KARYL, HOW COULD YOU?" SHE WAILED. THEN SHE TURNED AND RAN FROM THE APARTMENT, SOBBING HYSTERICALLY. KARYL LEAPED OUT OF BED AND RAN AFTER HER. I SAW THEM ARGUING IN THE FRONT YARD, BATHED IN MOON LIGHT. KARYL UNCONSCIOUSLY NAKED, TRYING TO PLACATE ALICE. ALICE FINALLY BROKE AWAY AND RAN OFF DOWN THE STREET. KARYL CAME BACK INSIDE.

"MAYBE I'D BETTER GO," I SAID. "NO, THAT'S ALL RIGHT," KARYL ANSWERED. "ALICE THOUGHT SHE OWNED ME, BUT NO ONE OWNS ANYONE."

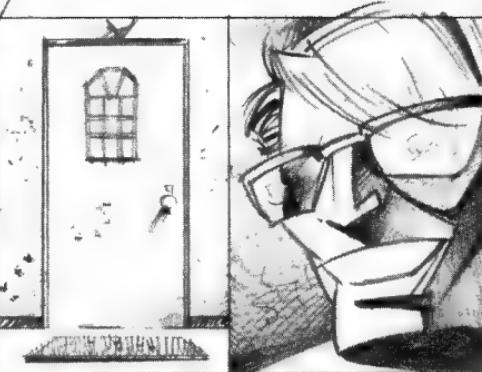
SHE GOT BACK IN BED, BUT THE SPELL WAS BROKEN. SHE SHIED AWAY FROM ME, CURLED UP IN A BALL AND WENT TO SLEEP ON ONE SIDE OF THE BED. FINALLY, I FELL ASLEEP MYSELF.

WHEN I WOKE IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA MORNING. SUN, A BREEZE, THE SMELL OF FLOWERS IN THE AIR. KARYL'S CAT WAS SITTING ON MY CHEST, STARING AT ME. I GENTLY STROKED ITS FUR.

I TURNED AND LOOKED AT KARYL. SHE WAS AWAKE, AND OUR EYES MET. WE REACHED FOR EACH OTHER, AND MADE LOVE WHILE THE CAT WATCHED. IT WAS THE BEST YET. AFTERWARDS, AS WE HELD EACH OTHER WHILE OUR SWEAT COOLED, SHE WHISPERED, "THE THIRD TIME'S A CHARM."



AFTER THAT I SAW KARYL OFTEN. ON THE NIGHTS I WORKED, I'D CLOSE THE BAR AND GO TO HER PLACE. SHE'D LET ME IN, AND WE'D HAVE A BOUT OF STRENDOUS SEX. OTHER NIGHTS, WE'D HAVE DINNER AT HER PLACE AND LISTEN TO JAZZ WHILE WE SCREWED. WE WERE BOTH SATISFIED.



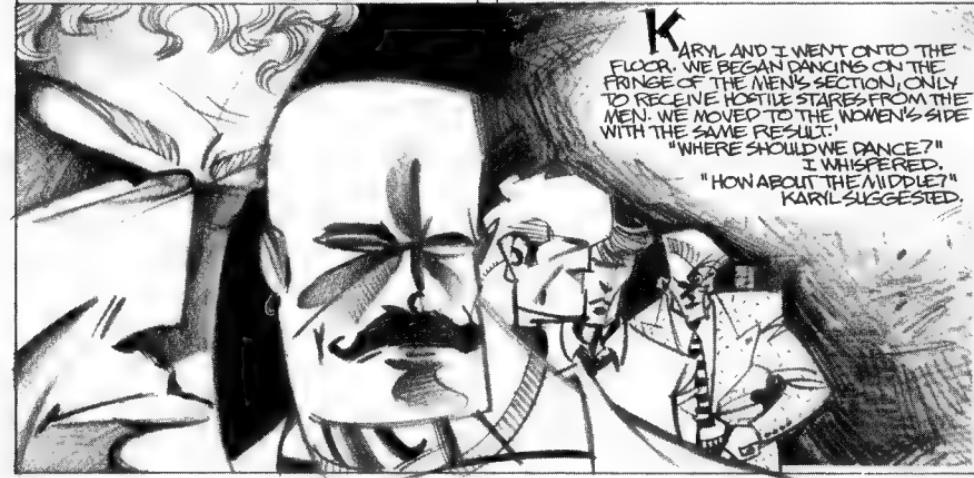
BUT WE NEVER WENT OUT. OUR AFFAIR WAS A MONTH OLD, BUT CONFINED TO KARYL'S APARTMENT. ONE NIGHT, I ASKED KARYL, "DO YOU LIKE TO DANCE?" "YES I DO," SHE SAID. "THEN LET'S GO DANCING," I SUGGESTED.



KARYL KNEW OF A PLACE CALLED THE TRAPDOOR. IT HAD GOOD MUSIC. WE DROVE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF SANTA CRUZ, WHERE THERE WERE LOTS OF WAREHOUSES. THE TRAPDOOR WAS A BIG CONVERTED WAREHOUSE, WITH A LOW-KEY FACADE AND CEMENT FLOOR. THE DOORMAN STARED AT US UNCERTAINLY AS WE PAID THE COVER AND WENT IN.



THERE WAS A LONG BAR AT ONE END OF THE BIG ROOM. MEN CLUSTERED AT ONE END, WOMEN AT THE OTHER. DISCO MUSIC BLARED, AND PEOPLE PAIRED OFF TO DANCE, BUT THE PARTNERS WERE ALL OF THE SAME SEX... MEN DANCING WITH MEN ON ONE SIDE OF THE DANCE FLOOR, AND WOMEN DANCING WITH WOMEN ON THE OTHER SIDE. IT WAS AS IF A MASON-DIXON LINE RAN THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE DANCEFLOOR TO SEPARATE THE SEXES.



KARYL AND I WENT ONTO THE FLOOR. WE BEGAN DANCING ON THE FRINGE OF THE MEN'S SECTION, ONLY TO RECEIVE HOSTILE STARES FROM THE MEN. WE MOVED TO THE WOMEN'S SIDE WITH THE SAME RESULT.
"WHERE SHOULD WE DANCE?" I WHISPERED.
"HOW ABOUT THE MIDDLE?" KARYL SUGGESTED.



SO WE DID. WE DANCED ALONE WITH PLENTY OF SPACE ON OUR FLANKS TO SEPARATE US FROM THE GYRATING DANCERS.

BUT, I NOTICED LOTS OF PEOPLE STARING AT US IN DISTASTE. KARYL LOOKED GRIM. I WAS A BIT DEFENSIVE MYSELF.

WHEN THE TUNE ENDED WE MOVED TOWARDS THE BAR FOR A DRINK. SUDDENLY WE WERE JOSTLED HARD BY A LARGE GUY.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" HE SNARLED.
"YOU'RE A COUPLE OF HETS!"

"GET OUT OF OUR WAY!" KARYL SNAPPED.

THE GUY SHOVED HER, HARD. SO, I SHOVED HIM BACK, HARDER. HE TRIPPED AND FELL DOWN. "I'LL KILL YOU!" HE SPIT AT ME AS HE LURCHED TO HIS FEET.

THEN I FELT A HAND CLAMP DOWN HARD ON MY SHOULDER FROM BEHIND. I TWISTED AS I GRABBED IT, AND FOUND MYSELF PUTTING AN ARMLOCK ON THE DOORMAN.

"LET GO!" HE SAID, AS I TWISTED HIS ARM.
"IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT, GO OUTSIDE!"

THERE WAS AN EXIT DOOR TO THE ALLEY, AND I WALKED THROUGH IT, TRAILED BY THE GUY WHO'D SHOVED KARYL. WE SQUARED OFF.



HE CAUGHT ME WITH A GOOD ONE, RIGHT ON THE NOSE. I GRAPPLED WITH HIM, AND LOST MY FOOTING IN THE MUDDY ALLEY.



AS WE ROLLED IN THE MUD, WE SLUGGED EACH OTHER FURIOUSLY. FINALLY I GOT ON TOP OF HIM, AND POUNDED HIM A FEW TIMES IN THE FACE. HE WENT LIMP, AND I STRUGGLED TO MY FEET.



KARYL WAS FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY, SURROUNDED BY A GROUP OF WOMEN. I SAW ALICE TALKING TO HER ANIMATEDLY. AS I WALKED TOWARDS KARYL, SHE MOVED IN MY DIRECTION. ALICE TUGGED ON HER ARM, AND KARYL SHRUGGED AWAY. THEN ALICE PUSHED KARYL FROM BEHIND AND KARYL LOST HER BALANCE AND PLOPPED FACE DOWN IN THE MUD! KARYL SPRANG TO HER FEET.



I COULD SEE THAT KARYL WAS FURIOUS. SHE FRAN AT ALICE AND HIT HER WITH A FIST IN THE STOMACH. ALICE WHOOSSED AND BENT OVER. ANOTHER WOMAN GRABBED KARYL FROM BEHIND, AND KARYL FLIPPED HER OVER HER HEAD WITH ONE OF THE PRETTIEST JUDO THROWS I'D EVER SEEN. THEN SHE STEPPED TO MY SIDE AND TOOK MY HAND.



"YOU'RE ALL MUDDY, PENNY!" SHE SAID.

"YOU ARE TOO, KARYL!" I RESPONDED.

"LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!" SHE SAID.



WE WALKED BACK INSIDE AND ACROSS THE VAST CEMENT FLOOR, THROUGH THE CROWD OF MEN AND WOMEN, STILL MASSED IN TWO GROUPS, AS WE WALKED, THEY HISSED AT US: "HETS! DIRTY STINKING HETS! GET OUT OF HERE. YOU LOUSY HETS!" BUT NO ONE TOUCHED US AGAIN. ALTHOUGH A FEW SPIT AT US. WE MADE IT TO THE FRONT DOOR, AND OUTSIDE, THEN FOUND MY CAR. WE CLEANED OFF THE MUD AS BEST WE COULD WITH A COUPLE OF TOWELS, AND THEN DROVE AWAY.



AT KARYL'S APARTMENT WE STRIPPED OFF OUR MUDGY CLOTHES AT THE DOOR. THEN WE TOOK A SHOWER TOGETHER. LATER, IN BED, WE HAD THE BEST SEX EVER. AFTERWARDS AS WE LAID PANTING, KARYL REACHED UP TO TURN OFF THE LIGHT.

I TURNED AND LOOKED AT HER.



KARYL WAS SMILING.
CLICK,
WENT THE LIGHT.
"HET"
SHE WHISPERED, AS
SHE SNUGGLED INTO
THE CROOK OF MY ARM.

AND THEN WE WENT TO SLEEP.

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Michael "Chez" Larsen

STAKE & BERA

Story:
DENNIS P. EICHHORN
Art:
ROBERTA GREGORY

I WAS LOOKING FOR A JOB IN SEATTLE,
AND I APPLIED FOR A JOB AS A
BARTENDER IN A SMALL LOCAL TAVERN...

THE NEXT
MORNING...



UHH... 2 3/4 CUPS times
FOUR is... NO, that's
the wrong recipe...
-- PAPRIKA... gotta
remember to use LOTS
of PAPRIKA...

THE MANAGER HIRED ME AS THE REGULAR COOK. EVERY DAY I CAME IN EARLY, CLEANED AND READIED THE KITCHEN, AND THEN MADE LUNCH. SOMETIMES I HELPED OUT BEHIND THE BAR. IT WAS AN EASY JOB. THE TAVERN WAS OWNED BY TWO HUNGARIAN REFUGEES, ELIZABETH AND CARL, WHO BOTH WORKED THERE. SO DID THEIR DAUGHTER, LISA. SHE WAS MARRIED TO A GUY NAMED ROY WHO WORKED FOR THE SEWER DEPARTMENT.



Did you see the
LOOK he gave you
when you SAID
that to him?

So, he SHOULD
have stayed
IN SCHOOL...

He's Probably up
to his KNEES in
SEWAGE right now!

THEY ALL MADE
FUN OF ROY
WHEN HE
WASN'T AROUND.

I FELT
SORRY
FOR HIM.

LISA AND HER MOM
WERE USUALLY THERE
WHEN I REPORTED FOR
WORK IN THE MORNING.
THEY'D WATCH SOAP
OPERAS ON A HUGE
PROJECTION
SCREEN...

BOTH OF THEM WERE RELIGIOUS
VIEWERS, NEVER MISSING AN
EPISODE OF THEIR FAVORITE
SOAP. PRETTY SOON, I
STARTED GETTING INTO
THEM, TOO...

ONE MORNING, LISA AND I
WERE ALONE IN THE TAVERN...

Dennis... I want to
ASK you something...

sure...

Do you think it will
be like that when I
Start
having
affairs?

I LOOKED AROUND THE DESERTED TAVERN, WHICH REEKED OF STALE BEER AND CIGARETTE SMOKE. THE POT OF HUNGARIAN GOULASH BUBBLED ON THE STOVE. I THOUGHT OF ROY, SOMEWHERE IN THE SEWERS OF SEATTLE.

No... I don't think it will be like that at ALL...



Um... Dennis... why are we in the COOLER?
It's FREEZING in here!

You're telling ME...



I CALLED IN SICK THE NEXT DAY...

I STILL don't understand
why that young man would
just QUIT so suddenly...



I NEVER SAW LISA AGAIN, NOR DID I
WANT TO. BUT, I DO THINK I
ANSWERED HER QUESTION.

-END-

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